

NUMBER 29

WILLIAM P. MILLER, General Manager.

rivalled the birds in the dear old woods at home, sounded thin and sharp in the curtain-hung, furniture-filled parlors of her uncle's home.

come to the girl they had so often sheltered. And the wanton breeze lifted the little rings of curls off the low white forehead, and kissed back the pink

which is erected in six different parts of the building, all being operated by one person with the aid of batteries.

ter the acknowledgment of the independence of the Irish nation at treasury of the Irish Republic."

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Sensible to the last, the dying c
bler folded his hands and murmur
"It's awl up! I'm pegging out!"